MONARCH

" By the students, for the community

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Leisure: True horror stories..

Point to Ponder

Dim vales-and shadowy floods-
And cloudy-looking woods,
Whose forms we can't discover
For the tears that drip all over:
Huge moons there wax and wane-
Again - again - again -
Every moment of the night-
Forever changing places-
And they put out the star-light
With the breath from their pale faces.
About twelve by the moon dial,
One more filmy than the rest
Comes down - still down - and down
With its centre on the crown
Of a mountain's eminence,
While its wide circumference
In easy drapery falls
Over hamlets, over halls,
Wherever they may be -

- Edgar Allan Poe

Duffy and Parker crowned King and Queen

By William Quigley
Editor

Saturday, Oct. 27 turned out to be a magical day for Bernadette Parker and Thomas Duffy as they were named Fall Family Festival queen and king respectively.

Parker is a special education major, and is involved in many aqctivites including the Chair-women of this years Family Fall Festival, on the New Student Orientation Board of Governors, and she is the President of the Council for Exceptional Children. Duffy has also been busy this year being the President of the Student Government Association. Duffy's major is history.

The crowining of the king and queen highlighted the weekends celebration. The weekends festivities consisted of a soocer match, baseball game, President's Dinner and Reception, barbaques, and a concluding mass. It was at the soccer game that the crowing took place. As exciting as the crowning was the soccer game against conferance rival Barry University, which SLC won 2-1.

Tom Duffy is crowned king at the Fall Family Festival soccer game. Photo By Susan Pearsall

SLC holds Writing Field Day

By Michelle R. Ronalder
Copy Editor

Last Thurs., Oct. 25, the Saint Leo College writing center sponsored a writing field day for high school students in the surrounding area. The students who attended this function are interested in writing or involved in their high school publications, sucn as student newspapers and yearbook.

The students gathered at 10 a.m. in the theater. At 10:30 they split into groups to attend the various workshops being held. Workshop sessions were held in the morning and in the afternoon. The workshops, presenters, and student helpers were as follows:

Playwriting – Dr. Dirk Budd, Professor David Frankel, Lisa McColgan, and Vicki Orrechio
Film Reviewing – Dr. Walter Poznar, Dr. Ed Woodard, Cris North, and Michelle Ronalder
Fiction – Dr. Lucy Fuchs and Chuck Grey
Poetry – Mark Edmonds, Ernie Williams, Bob Jordan, Sean Sexton, Kurt Van Wilt, Kaarla Geiger, Lisa McColgan, and Tim Moore
Journalism – Tim Moore and Michelle Ronalder

At 3:30 all of the students gathered once more in the theater to share the writings they had done throughout the day. Poet, Skip Harris from St. Petersburg, presented some of his work with the entire group at this time.

Kurt Van Wilt, who organized the day, said, "The day went wonderfully; we had at least 120 students from 10 schools and about 20 teachers. Students were saying that this was the best of the field days these past three years."

Students censor themselves

By William Quigley
Editor

I have to write an editorial.
It should inspire you
Or it should anger you.
It should make you want to take action.
Or applaud some group's work.

Every week the members of this paper attempt to both entertain, enlighten, and inform. The key to an outstanding newspaper is to incorporate all of these things into the issue's pages. This organization has taken a lot of flack over the past year and a half or so. There are students who would prefer seeing this paper cease to exist.

On Tuesday morning, an individual, who I highly respected, came up to me and asked why the paper insists on writing editorials lambasting individuals, groups, administrators and others on this campus. This individual questioned whether the Monarch has the authority to write such scathing stories. This individual believed that this newspaper, if it continues its practice of hard editorials, should not be allowed to print any longer.

Most people that know me understand that when it comes to freedom of speech in many of its more radical forms, I am opposed to allowing totally unadulterated speech. Nor do I think that most individuals believe that I should be able to say !@#@$%$$#%^$#@ in a newspaper. That is, indeed, where I believe freedom of speech should end. However I believe that it is a necessity in our nation to allow a free press to openly express and uphold our freedom.

This is why the argument I had with this individual is so distressing to me. The perception among students at Saint Leo College about what we as students can say and should say are of great importance. After a person finds out that I am involved with the paper, the inevitable question that is asked of me is; "Is the paper censored?" Since that first year my answer has always been yes.

Having said this, let me qualify this answer by saying that it is not an omnipotent administration, nor the *Monarch* 's moderator, but the students themselves who censor the paper.

This censorship is not an overt plan by the *Monarch* 's editors; rather, it manifests itself in the form of the students being afraid to write controversial stories or to write editorials. There is a grave misconception that if a writer does write a hard story or editorial someone will show up at his door.

This self-censorship is worse than any other kind. At least other types of censorships can be more easily confronted But self-censorship seems to be the easy way out of a problem.

The problem also comes forward when students not only censor themselves, but when they try to justify that censorship by saying the *Monarch* should never try to be free. Both of these instances are very problematic. When students in college, where thinking and expressing should be as free as possible, begin self-censorship and then call for others also to censor, the entire reason for an education becomes lost.

This friend who brought this problem home believes as many students do that regardless of the validity of a story , the student newspaper should not have the right to print everything. That self-censorship is necessary. I agree with part of this. Student newspapers, as any other publication, must adhere to certain guidelines, and some of these guidelines call for self-censorship. The problems begin when an individual begins using words like never. Students at SLC must learn that free expression is one of the most important gifts we have, and the time to explore these gifts is now.

Moore or Less.....

By Tim Moore
A poor, lost soul living in a fish bowl.

Guavaween:

a crazy, psychotic excuse for the 150,000 adults to stumble through Ybor City in costumes, spilling toxic beverages on each other and smearing white make-up on police lapels.

It's also a sort of invasion, mostly of liquor, beer, and wine containers that somehow seem to migrate from Florida package stores around the state to end up piled along the curb of 7th Avenue (minus the contents, which end up on alley walls, restaurant bathroom floors, and assorted rented costumes).

I decided to attend the event again this year. But, I wanted to have a completely original costume this time, something people would remember for its creativity, uniqueness, and sheer gall.

So, I went to a costume shop.

(One small note before proceeding: one should not allow political or philosophical biases to prevent one from being original, especially when it is purely for fun).

So, anyway, I saw this W.W.II Nazi uniform...

"Well," I thought, "no one else will have one of those ." While I pondered the ramifications of goose-stepping through Ybor City with 149,999 other crazy, incoriated celebrants, the shop manager put out his newest mask: BART SIMPSON.

The clicking and whirring of an idea was deafening. I had a costume ... Nazi Bart Simpson!

After all, I rationalized, it had everything: creativity, originality, child appeal, and in a sick way, sex appeal (at least in the 90's). Not to mention, it was only 20 bucks. Copyrights wouldn't be infringed upon, T-shirts would be banned anyway, and no one would take the uniform seriously with someone yelling "Hey Dude!"

I know. I know. You're saying, "what in the porcelain pot were you thinking?"

To tell you the truth, I believed that political extremists and cartoon fanatics had a sense of humor (notice the past tense of the verbs).

Well, reactions when we got there were favorable, for the most part, which is a comment on our culture today. Shaking hands and returning salutes became habit. All seemed well.

"Quothe the Raven, 'Nevermore.'"

Then a certain, hairless individual began to stare at me. We'll call him Aryan X. I'm not sure if foam had formed around his mouth, but if it did it was probably on my shoes with his spit. Aryan X was displaying a problem with my idea of creativity.

I guess he really likes Bart.

Luckily, I was with several friends who could fight their way out of a "Hefty" without raising a sweat, so any problems were avoided. To my dismay, and

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MONARCH

1989-1990 ASPA First Place with Special Merit
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SLC makes changes on campus

By Heidi Alvarado
Monarch Staff Writer

During the past couple of weeks (Oct. 15-26), men have been polishing, painting, mowing, and doing other tasks to make the Saint Leo College campus presentable at a time when several up coming events are planned. Near the admissions office, a worker painting a water fountain said that he was asked to do it. The reason why, he did not state.

A student, Venelyn Figoroa, stated that painting the water fountain near the admissions office would impress the parents during the Fall Family Weekend Festival and also for the arrival of SACS (Southern Association of Colleges and Schools).

"Those men worked hard," said a student, Gail Porther, "to make this place presentable for the parents and SACS."

Some of the projects that were in effect these ›ast couple of weeks were: epainting and polishing the 'Saint Leo College" arch at the main entrance, Lewis Hall and Crawford Hall. Various landscaping has also been done.

James Quann, a SLC alumni was asked what he thought of the appearance of the school and if in his opinion, he thought that it had to do with up coming events.

He answered, "The place looks good, but it obviously has to do with family weekend. That's fine, because you have to sell the institution to what matters, and parents matter."

Fall Dance Recital to be held

SLC Press Release—The Saint Leo College Dance Company presents The Fall Dance Concert series Nov. 14-17. The concerts will offer something for everyone with classical, modern and jazz dance choreographed by faculty and students.

Associate Professor of Dance at SLC, Lois Henry, has created three new works for the concert. "The Big Piece" is a large group work which de-emphasizes the relationship between dance and the music. "Videre" explores the visual design elements of positive and negative spaces created by the use of poles, stools and the moving human form. "Flight" is a dance in three sections which explores three kinds of dance energies.

"Christmas Suite" will usher in the holiday season with dances set to traditional Christmas carols including "Deck the Halls", "O Holy Night" and "Jingle Bells". A spectrum of holiday moods is created by the use of classic, modern and folk movement. The choreography is by SLC's Associate Professor and Director of Dance, Jacalyn Bryan.

A segment of "Christmas Suite", titled "Homeless Christmas" (Silent Night) choreographed by senior dance major, Carmen Carter, centers on the theme of America's homeless. Completing the program is "The Gift", choreographed by senior dance major, Lori Schiavone, which explores the effects of two groups relating through contrasting movement designs.

The concert dates are Nov. 14-17, 7:30 p.m. in the SLC Theatre. Admission is free to SLC students and staff. Regular admission is $4. Senior citizens and non-SLC students pay $3. Tickets may be reserved at the theatre box office or by calling (904) 588-8252.

Rehearsal for Fall Dance Concert, Nov. 14-17, 7:30 p.m. at College Theatre. Photo from Monarch photo file

Theatre auditions

SLC Press Release—The Saint Leo College Theatre will hold auditions for *Short Takes: An Evening of 19th Century European One-Act Plays* on Nov. 2 at 6:30 p.m. in the College Theatre. David Frankel, Director of theatre, stresses that auditions are open to all students. No experience is needed. "In the almost seven years I've been here," says Frankel, "nearly every production has included at least one actor new to SLC, and several students from majors other than theatre."

The playwrights represented in *Short Takes*, which performs Dec. 5-9, will include Anton Chekhov and August Strindberg. Many scholars consider Chekhov and Strindberg, along with Henrik Ibsen—author of *Hedda Gabler,* the giants of the early modern theatre. More importantly, notes Frankel, their plays continue to excite and entertain audiences.

No preparation is needed to audition.

Hedda Gabler: starts season with success

By Michelle R. Ronalder
Copy Editor

The Saint Leo College Theatre opened the 1990-91 season on Wed., Oct. 24, with Henrik Ibsen's Hedda Gabler. This realistic play centers around the bored and spoiled Hedda (Cris North); she has recently married the awkward scholar, Tesman (Patrick David Childers). The marriage is, for Hedda, an arrangement of bargains, not love. Into the picture steps Thea Elvsted (Kaarla A. Geiger), an old schoolmate of Hedda's; she is concerned about her secret lover, Eilert Lovborg (Tim Moore). Lovborg has been serving as tutor for the Elvsted's children out in the country, and he has just recently overcome his taste for the bottle. Thea's concern is that being back in the city and exposed to temptation, Lovborg will stumble again over the high spirits.

Hedda, who feels caged in a bland world, amuses herself by trying to control the people around her like a puppetmaster directing her puppets. But as the strings on Hedda's puppets are only imaginary, she becomes frustrated with them and herself.

The acting is fabulous throughout. Cris North seethes well; her character is not easily liked with all her arrogance, but North has committed to playing the role of "bitch," and she does so magnificently. While this approach to Hedda works, it seems most probable that Ibsen intended something much deeper than pure bitchiness to drive Hedda, and this does not come through in North's performance. Indeed, in this presentation it is rather difficult for the viewer to feel any empathy with Hedda at all.

Tim Moore portrait of Lovborg needs more of a spark of life. Very little energy is felt coming from Moore; this in essence makes it impossible for the audience to really get to know Lovborg. And for the audience to be anything but indifferent to Lovborg's death, they must be allowed to feel the depth of his character.

Kaarla Geiger does very well as Thea who is somewhat innocent; she is intelligent, and intelligent men are attracted to her. And David Childers stumbles about quite well in his portrayal of the naive Tesman.

Brian Swann, April Isaacs, and Suzanne Gullion complete the cast as Judge Brack, Aunt Juliana, and Berta respectively.

The set for the show is magnificent — the luxurious sitting room of the Tesman's reflects Hedda's material extravagance. Likewise, the costumes very elegantly fit the time period o Ibsen's play.

Despite the shortcomings of the production, the acting is at a height. The audience's applause signs the closing of the play with great approval. Indeed, a standing ovation is in the air —-

Unfortunately, the audience is not given the chance to bestow this honor on the cast as there is no curtain call. This lack of curtain call leaves the audience (however impressed they are by the production) in an aesthetic angst.

True horror stories

A late night breakdown can be terrifying

Lisa Desser
News Editor

It was a cold, dark, dreary night. I was driving home from visiting some friends in Miami Beach. Suddenly, I heard a noise. There was this rat-a-tat-tat coming out from under the hood of my car. The first thing I thought was don't worry it'll pass. Then again I hear it, and this time it won't stop. Next, the red light goes on in my car. Something's wrong. What'll I do? I got off at the next exit and when I pulled over on the side of the road my car konked out.

So, I started walking. I didn't know as walked under it, the sign above me said, "Liberty City." Even though it was around 2 a.m., I was hopeful I could find help. I started walking to the nearest gas station.

Ouch! Something had just hit my leg. Ow! What was that hitting my back? Oh, no! I think a rock had just hit me in the back of the head. Sure enough, I looked around and through the darkness I could see people hiding behind things. One person was behind a car. Another one behind a tree. There was someone trying to hide behind a telephone pole. Two eyes were peaking out from the side of a house. In an instant they started chasing me, while throwing rocks at the same time. I was running for my life!

Just then I saw headlights coming closer. It was a taxi driver. I started jumping up and down, and waving my hands. He slowed down. I breathed a sigh thinking he was going to stop. Instead he drove right by me. For a moment all the world was lost and I knew I was doomed. The taxi driver got about 100 feet away, stopped, and looked in his rear view mirror. A fraction of a second seemed like an hour. He put the cab in reverse, pulled back to me, opened the door, and said "hop in." I said "thank you." He said to me "you know, I don't usually pick up anyone in this neighborhood; you're lucky. A girl flagged me down in this neighborhood once before and robbed me."

The cab driver gave me a free 20 mile ride all the way to my home town, Miami Springs.

I had learned my lesson. Never drive your car late at night unless it's in tip-top condition and even if it is be careful of the neighborhood your in and the time of night. You might not be so lucky.

Grandfather's death, a true-life horror story

By Denise K. Ramsay
Monarch Staff Writer

A little over a year and a half ago my grandfather died.

I was at work; my parents came in and told me.

When they came, I knew something terrible had happened. All these different thoughts ran through my mind: something had happened to my sister, Stacy, our dogs, my father's mother who was terribly ill, someone was hurt or dead. The fact that my mother's father, my grandfather, Opa, was gone never entered into my mind.

After work, I packed for the 17 hour drive to York, Pa. The drive was like being on the death express from hell. Nobody talked during trip for fear of bursting into tears at the loss of Opa.

I stayed up all night with my dad while he drove listening to the radio in our new car. During the whole trip I prayed that someone was playing an awful joke on us, and they were going to surprise us, and Opa would be alive. Finally, we arrived in York at my grandmother's house about 9 p.m. the next day. Everybody was at the house, in tears; even my cousin Nikki, who was ten knew what was happening.

Saturday was the viewing. The family had a private viewing. Opa was in the casket cold and dead. This was the first time I had seen a real dead person. He never looked so different to me, pale and still. After the viewing, we went back to my grandmother's house. I couldn't sleep. I kept dreaming that Opa had arose from the dead and become a zombie. I was so scared.

My parents were worried about me. They said I had to get some sleep, but I just couldn't. I told my mom about the dreams and she said it was only natural. My mom and I talked for a while, about the past and the things Opa did for his grandchildren. Opa was the most kind and gentle giving man. I am very lucky to have had him for a grandfather.

For the longest time I searched my memory for some recollection of the past and the things he did for us, but most of it was a blur.

Sunday was the Mass. I saw some of my old friends who knew my grandfather. They asked how we were doing, and I couldn't tell them the truth.

After Mass, our car was behind the hearse. I was in front with my dad, my mom and grandmother were in the back together. I could see the casket through the window of the hearse; it was cover with a flag. On the drive to the cemetery, my dad held my hand and I cried the whole way.

It was raining when we got to the cemetery—"God's tears" as Mom called it. Since Opa was in World War II, he got the traditional burial with the guns and all by the Veterans of Foreign Wars group.

This past August, I went to York to visit my relatives. My cousin, Deb, her two girls, my sister and I went to the cemetery to visit Opa. We sat on the grave in a circle recalling the funeral just a short while before. This was the greatest experience because we all felt the same thing, remorse and horror, because our grandfather was gone.

For me this is a true life horror story especially if it first experience with death, even with a close family member. For me, the horrible part is not being able to remember the good things Opa did for me while he was alive. To this day I am still trying to recollect the past and the things he did for and with me as a child.

I love and miss you, Opa. We all do.

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relief, a father brought his little boy up to me to "pinch Bart's nose" shortly afterward.

The rest of the night was uneventful, if that word can be used in Ybor City on Guavaween, until my encounter at 2:30 a.m. with Aryan Z. This one was slightly more positive, though still chilling.

Aryan Z and his girlfriend stopped next to me on the sidewalk, in a crowd, and looked my costume over. He smiled, said that he liked it, and thrust his hand out to shake mine. I obliged slowly, but when I looked at his forearm I saw an all-too-familiar mark tattooed there— a swastika inside a red circle. He turned and left, and I thought about uttering that local, overused farewell, "See Ya!!", but decided against it.

The most common costume in Ybor City that night was the police man.

I'm thankful for that.